

from them no consolation. Without any exception they approved of Mr. Bolton's treatment, though they were not surprised that it produced no benefit. . . .

I grieve to say my hair grows very badly, and I think more grey, which I can unfeignedly declare occasions me more anguish than even the prospect of death.

Yours ever,

B. D.

In *Popanilla* Disraeli had gone out of his way to ridicule the novel of fashionable life ; but this was precisely the novel that Colburn and the public wanted, and the outcome apparently of Disraeli's determination to hack was that he began *The Young Duke*. By the end of March, 1880, he had nearly finished, and he came to town with, his manuscript in quest of a publisher. ' It is a series of scenes,' he told his friend Meredith, 'every one of which, would make the fortune of a fashionable novel : I am confident of its success, and that it will complete the corruption of the public taste.' If there was any thing-serious in this, the complacent view of the merits of his work did not long survive. Colburn's reader told him that it was certain to be severely criticised for the egoism and other sins of the writer. Lytton Bulwer, for whom *Pelham* had won celebrity a couple of years before, sounded the same note of warning. Disraeli and he had exchanged volumes in the previous year, and a correspondence had sprung up between them, which somewhere about this time ripened into personal acquaintance. Bulwer was shown the manuscript, and was not sparing of eulogy ; but he suggested that the author's judgment was not equal to his genius, that if he had attained more than the excellences of *Vivian Grey* he had not sufficiently avoided its faults, and that the pruning knife might well be applied to the many flippancies and otiose antitheses of the book. The sensitive author was at first so discouraged that he talked of casting aside the work altogether, but money was needed, and a bargain was soon concluded with Colburn, who gave X500 for the book. What proved